



Highly Specific Implements



34 28 25

Chapter 1 by Luke Meyers

I double-check the contents of my paper bag. I have a trowel, some duct tape, a turkey and mozzarella sandwich, and two road flares. Something nags at my mind. What am I missing? I slap my forehead -- the magnets! I grab the box of rare earth magnets from my desk drawer and place it into the bag.

Rolling up its top, I swing the bag jauntily as I head out the door. It's just a ten minute walk to

Chapter 2 by Kitiōn



the train station. There is nothing like an adventure especially if there is profit at the end of it, and if my research is confirmed positive when finished their, it's going to make history as well as financial decimal points. However, first the caves - and then one step at a time.

Chapter 3 by intellikat



I arrived at "the caves", which are a series of ATMs recessed back into the one wall of an alley on Main Street. These were independently owned ATMs, which carried a higher fee on withdrawals, but there was one good reason why we all used the caves instead of the other ATMs in plain sight. They all had with them a happy ending.

Chapter 4 by Cameron Neill



It was a brightly lit street but thankfully the ATM's were back enough to be in semi darkness. It was why they were nicknamed "the caves" to begin with. A dark area with riches but sometimes

some dangerous nasties lying in wait in the shadows.

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But I was prepared. I had the magnets. I had the flares. And most importantly, I had the sandwiches.

I readied myself. I couldn't show this one up like

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Chapter 5 by dalazee



My target was the blue cave down towards the end of the row. This meant I had to get past almost all the rest of them and whatever nasties my be lying in the shadows.

But shadows are lost in the light, hence the flares.

I lit one of the flares and threw it. then bolted down the street.

That got me half way.

I stopped, breathing heavily. Looked around me slowly, searching for any nasties that may have come up behind me.

Nothing.

I had another bit of my sandwich.

I prepared the next flare, ready to sprint to my target.

Light. Throw. Run.

Stop. Look. Safe. So far.

Another bite of sandwich.

I turn to my left and there it is my target, a few feet away.

Now for the final assault.

Chapter 6 by heureux-xx



I ran towards my target, only to be met with disappointment. The ATM was out of order! Now what am I going to do?? I used up my two road flares already. Now I'm surrounded by darkness..

Hopefully there aren't any nasties around me. Watching from the shadows.

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I knew it was a bad idea but I had to try. I didn't know that nasties are attracted to the smell of mozzarella. I turned around and there it was. Not 5 feet in front of me. I readied my magnets. It was game-time.

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These nasties can be dangerous, but knowing how to disable them is the key. Nasties, or technically speaking, N.A.S.T.I.E.S., were Nomadic Artificial Scalp-less Trainable Intelligent Exotic Salamanders. No one knows who created them, but one day they just showed up everywhere.

No one knows why they're scalp-less. Maybe some design flaw, for their "brain" was always exposed. The only way to disable it was to get close enough with a magnet and attach it to the "brain."

It crept closer...

Chapter 7 by intellikat



I wiggled the turkey and mozzarella sandwich in the direction of the creeping N.A.S.T.I.E.S. and mouthed a silent prayer to Atum for a well-placed magnet strike. The salamander paused for a moment, its nose sniffing in the air, then bum-rushed me.

Like a matador of old, I gracefully sidestepped the creature and in the same moment brought my rare earth magnets down upon its exposed "brain". There was a pop, a sizzling smell of bacon, and the creature was mine. It lay crumpled on the ground, ready for reprogramming.

I whipped out my laptop and jacked into the N.A.S.T.I.E.S.' circuits via USB. In a few short moments, I was scrolling through lines of code, deciphering patterns and reworking the creature's behaviour. It wasn't long before I had control. It sprang back to life and I duct taped the trowel to its belly. For a quick test, I indicated a location on the ground nearby and the N.A.S.T.I.E.S. obeyed, rushing over to the spot and digging furiously into the ground. Within minutes, It had dug three feet deep. This creature would most definitely come in handy for my adventure ahead. The one that would happen soon. After a train ride. The one I mentioned in chapter two.

I turned back to a glowing ATM nearby that appeared to be in working order. I inserted my card, punched in my PIN and withdrew enough cash for a train ticket. After this, the screen printed out that single line I knew all too well.

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Chapter 8 by Kolmuk



Yes, Happy ending is what I want!

the end

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